

Singer Thrills Concert Crowd

Boiseans Enthusiastic In Praise Of Famed Marian Anderson

Marian Anderson carried hundreds of Community Concert goers with her Thursday night into a mystic world of exquisite color and sound.

Like a dark priestess of elemental rites, wielding powers few mortals are vouchsafed, she welded her listeners into an enthralled following.

No one present can ever forget her Crucifixion number; its sorrow so utterly deep that only the same voice singing next of faith instead of black despair could break the dark spell.

The beauty of this religious song was approached only by her singing of Schubert's Ave Maria.

All songs in the last group were Negro religious songs, to which the audience perhaps responded most enthusiastically, although her operatic number, Verdi's O Don Fatale, left a tantalizing desire for more with the same power and flawless technique.

Her artistry in the Sicilian song, Amuri, Amuri, delighted her audience.

Schubert's Fruhlingstraum she sang so tenderly it was hard to believe the same voice next sang Der Tod und das Madchen—the frightened maiden's voice and then the unearthly eery voice of Death.

The range of her voice is unbelievable. Her high notes were so sweet, her low ones so rich and full.

Except for her last encores Miss Anderson sang with her eyes closed. So much of her humor and life is in her eyes that with them closed her face betrayed a pathos.

(Continued on Page 3, Column 3)